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thing beside mere Form must be expressed. "For the essence of all artistic beauty is Expression, which cannot be when there is really nothing to be expressed." And therefore the third element of art power—Expression, is the most important of

all. That is to say—other things being equal, that is the greatest work of art in which we find the most adequate and profound Primary, Secondary and Tertiary Expression.

F. W. Ruckstuhl

BIRDS AS A UNIVERSAL APPEAL

BY T. GILBERT PEARSON

IN all ages mankind has regarded the wild bird-life as highly important to the best interests. In the ancient days birds were thought to possess supernatural powers which of course rendered them objects worthy of the keenest interest and the fullest mead of reverence.

"Beloved Picker, send elsewhere all black thick clouds over great swamps, high woods and wide wastes, but give to us ploughmen and sowers a fertile season and sweet rain." Thus, according to Johann Gutsloff, did the old Esthonian farmer lift his prayer to the woodpecker god whose power over thunder and rain was not to be doubted. Sweet are the blessings of gentle rainfall and beloved was the bird that brought it to the furrowed fields of the ancient dwellers on the Baltic. Among the Germans a story lingers that the woodpecker alone knows where grows the magic flower of the *spring-wurzel*, without which no one can hope to gather the treasure locked in the vaults of Venusberg. With the aid of this bird wealth and happiness may come to the humblest of men. Pliny recounts that the ancient Romans held the woodpecker in great reverence and many a Latin artist figured a youth with this bird on his head.

Great then was the woodpecker in the minds of many men who lived and wrought in the dim beginnings of what we call history. To some he brought bountiful harvests, to others the possibility of wealth beyond dreams of kings, and as the fit companion of Picus, who was ever young, he typified clearly the beauty of youth. Food, wealth and youth; surely naught else is lacking save love!

But when was ever love forgotten? Never by the birds, that is sure, for throughout the shifting fortunes of mankind they have ever flown, bearing swiftly the message of undying affection and giving aid to lovers in time of need. Even their images have often been of great potency. When, according to the ancient Finns, Ilmarinen, son of the air, started on his journey to woo and captivate the lovely maid of the North, his preparations were most complete. Nothing was overlooked that might insure success. Of this we are fully assured when we read the orders he gave as to the preparation of his sleigh:

Take the fleetest of my racers,
Put the gray steed in the harness,
Hitch him to my sleigh of magic.
Place six cuckoos on the break-board,
Seven bluebirds on the crossbow,
Thus to charm the northland maidens,
Thus to make them look and listen
As the cuckoos call and echo.

With singing cuckoo sleighbells what maiden forsooth could resist him? For the cuckoo, let us not forget, was, according to C. de Kay, the marriage bird, and so looked upon by all the people of that frosty land. Wander where one will through the mazes of ancient lore—and at every turn one will see evidences, numerous and unmistakable, that

early man in all lands held birds in high esteem and attributed to them the powers of bringing more abundantly the blessings of life.

To-day intelligent men and women entertain similar sentiments, but their interest in the birds rests on a different basis. We regard them not as supernatural beings, but as among the most practical of human helpers. They slay the caterpillars and the weevils, they consume the grasshopper, the aphid and the bark-borers. The waving fields are gladdened thereby, the forests clap their leaves in the sunlight and the law-makers rise up and proclaim a protectorate over the birds. For these things we are duly appreciative, but after all we do not love the birds because of their economic value on earth. Our affection springs rather from an appreciation of their æsthetic influence on our lives, and this of course is because we know them so much better than did the early fathers of the race. For instance: we do not believe with Aristotle that there once lived a bird "as large as a bustard that laid its eggs in the skin of a hare" and we know that Pliny was mistaken when he wrote that ostriches clutch up stones with their feet and "hurl them back as they run, against those that chase them." On the other hand we do know a thousand things about the migration and home life of birds that neither of these worthies ever dreamed existed. And just as the more one knows of a strange people the better one likes them, just so the more we have learned of the ways of the wild birds the more we are drawn to them. Who is there that, seeing a hummingbird poised before a flower in his garden, realizes the fact that since the season when last the flowers bloomed this little mite of feathered life has twice crossed the Gulf of Mexico, who, I say, is there that will not then and there feel a warm impulse of sympathy and interest for the well-being of this diminutive voyageur of the air? Who is there with soul so calloused that, when in spring a soft trumpeting *honk* falls from the clouds above, and gazing upward sees a living arrowhead of mighty birds winging its way toward the frozen pole, does not feel the rush of a thrill that only the migrating wild geese can bring?

There is in this country to-day a pronounced sentiment for birds to which our forefathers were strangers. I am not speaking of the occasional maudlin sentimentality that weeps at sight of the word "quail" printed on a bill-of-fare. I have in mind that kind of sentiment which causes a man or woman to rush to the telephone upon viewing the first bluebird of spring and shout the glad news to a neighbor; the sort of sentiment that rejoices when the robins come and when the first blue eggs appear, that harkens to the call of the chickadee and is deeply moved when the veery sounds his silvery pipings in the twilight. The man or woman stirred by this kind of a sentiment really loves birds and loves them understandingly, because his

or her affection is based on knowledge and a profound respect for these appealing fairies of the fields and woodlands.

Indeed it is a fact that as a nation we seem suddenly to have wakened to the knowledge that the world is peopled with a vast and varicolored bird population that is quite worth while knowing.

A few years ago while in southern Arizona I was told that a hardware firm in the town of Tucson had offered a prize to the one who, in a single day, should slaughter the greatest number of mourning doves! Apparently this produced no outcry of resentment among the people of the community, and so far as I could learn, no one registered any form of protest against the publication and the carrying into execution of such a crime. Many men entered the contest, it was said, and the killing of doves about the water-holes in the creosote desert furnished a merry day for the local Nimrods. In due time the prize appears to have been awarded and one hunter at least made happy. Of course hundreds, if not thousands of useful, beautiful birds had been wantonly shot; but what mattered it, for had not the sale of shot-gun cartridges been stimulated at the hardware store? As I write these lines there is pending in the United States Congress a bill, the purpose of which is to give force and power to a treaty recently ratified between this country and England, speaking for Canada, on the subject of bird-protection. If this passes in its present form, and it bids fair to do so, it will soon become unlawful to kill a dove in Arizona or any other part of the country.

An increasing responsibility for the welfare of the birds, as well as a strong and growing desire to have them about, is manifest on every hand. Just ten years ago I remember discussing with a man the probability of his being able to find sale for bird nesting-boxes if he should go into the business of making them for the public. He was a bold spirit and much interested in birds, so he invested his little capital in the enterprise and trusted the public to buy his wares. They bought them abundantly and soon he was unable to keep up with all the orders that arrived. Today I have in my office a list of thirty-two firms that make a business of manufacturing and selling bird-boxes, bird-fountains and bird feeding-trays. Some of these people have made a fortune at the business.

Less than a decade ago it was a common sight on the streets of New York to see hundreds of women whose hats were decorated with the feathers of wild birds which had been sacrificed at the behest of the millinery trade. Inspection of a sample series of these exhibits revealed the fact that among the birds whose feathers were being worn were American song-birds of many kinds that had been shot in the gardens and groves of our Eastern States. There were the remains of terns and gulls done to death on the rookery islands along our Atlantic and Gulf Coasts while the young, left without parental care, slowly perished on the sunlit beaches. There were "grebe breasts" torn from the bleeding bodies of grebes shot in the tule marshes of Oregon and California in the midst of the nesting period. Then there were "aigrettes" from Florida; "paradise" from New Guinea, "goura" from eastern Asia, "numidia" from Manchuria and "black cock" from Scotland. In fact a

little examination of the feather stock of the shopping districts showed that all the lands washed by the seven seas had been plundered by the agents of the feather traffic in order that our women might walk abroad in borrowed glory. At the present time, thanks to the Audubon Society, it is not only against our State laws to sell the feathers of any protected native bird, but there is a rigid tariff statute that makes it illegal to bring feathers of any wild birds into the ports of the United States. Ninety-five per cent. of the feather decorations seen on hats to-day are creations made from the feathers of domestic fowls.

So there are many indications that changes have taken place in the public mind in reference to bird-life in the last decade. We hear of no more bird-shooting contests, and rarely do we see the remains of a song bird sewed on a hat. On the other hand wherever you go you are sure to see frequent evidences that the right hand of fellowship is now generally extended to the birds. At Fairfield, Connecticut, there is a place known as "Birdcraft Sanctuary." On this hallowed spot, of about ten acres, not only is all hunting of birds prohibited, but every conceivable effort has been made to induce birds to abide within its boundaries. The sanctuary is the property of the Connecticut Audubon Society. Mrs. Mabel Osgood Wright, the well-known authoress and birdlover and President of the Society, is responsible more than any one else for the establishment and development of these protected grounds. It was in June 1914 that these good Audubon people first declared their determination to make a bird paradise. Mrs. Wright drew up a list of requirements considered from both the practical and ethical sides which she said were necessary to the enterprise. Briefly she declared that these provisions should be made:

"A cat-proof fence to surround the entire place. That it may not look aggressive, it should be set well inside the picturesque old wall. Stone gateposts and a rustic gate at the entrance on the highway. A bungalow for the caretaker, wherein there shall be a room for the meetings of the Society's Executive Committee and Board. A tool and work-shop of corresponding style. Several rustic shelters and many seats.

"The assembling of the various springs into a pond, so designed as to make an island of a place where the redwings nest.

"Trails to be cut through the brush and the turf grass. A charming bit of old orchard on the hill-top to be restored for the benefit of worm-pulling robins.

"Several stone basins to be constructed for bird-baths; houses to be put up of all sorts, from wren boxes, von Berlepsch model, flicker and owl boxes to a martin hotel; and lastly, the supplementing of the natural growth by planting pines, spruce and hemlocks for windbreaks, and mountain ash, mulberries, sweet cherries, flowering shrubs and vines for berries and hummingbird honey."

All these things and more have been done in Birdcraft Sanctuary and the birds have greatly helped in the making; in fact they began this years ago as soon as the place ceased to be cultivated. The seeds they brought and dropped have sprouted and grown up; today they are providing an abundant food supply for the hungry wanderers of the

countryside. Among the fruit and berry producing shrubs, plants and trees we find mulberry, wild cherries, blackberries, dew berries, thimble berries, blueberries, choke berries and sumacs. Also Virginia creeper, bayberry, elderberry, three kinds of wild grapes and as many species of wild roses.

In summer the place teems with joyous bird-life. The feathered population is there not only for the food and water that is available, but because the facilities for domestic success are unsurpassed. Attractive nesting sites are abundant, and the cat, that dreaded tiger of the bird-world, never enters this Eden—and lives. It is worth a journey of a thousand miles to see the Birdcraft Sanctuary. As an example of what may be done to attract birds in a small area it stands without a rival. Among the thousands who have passed along its shadowed walks or viewed the exhibits in the exquisite little museum there are many who have gone their way fired with the determination to perform similar services for the birds and the people of their own communities. Ten years ago the term "bird sanctuary" was scarcely known. Now, in addition to the one at Fairfield, there is a sanctuary at Meriden, New Hampshire, under the care of the Meriden Bird Club, there is the large sanctuary estate of Edward C. Converse of Greenwich, there is the Ford Bird Farm at Detroit, the Bird Sanctuary in the heart of Cincinnati, bought and maintained by that splendid philanthropic woman Mrs. T. J. Emery—and it may be added there are many others.

Recently there has been placed at the disposal of the National Association of Audubon Societies, for the uses of a Bird Sanctuary, the great farm of Charles M. Ams of Amston, Connecticut. This region of five hundred acres contains thickets, forests, open lands and lakes, furnishing a widely diversified territory where birds of many species may be attracted and comfortably provided for. Upland game-birds as well as various species of ducks and geese will be reared in a semi-domesticated state and the surplus supply will be permitted to overflow into the surrounding country. Extensive experiments with all the means thus far devised for attracting and propagating birds will here be put into operation. A small and comfortable inn for the accommodation of visitors will be in operation within a few months, for it is expected that many ornithologists and birdlovers will make pilgrimages to the Audubon Bird Sanctuary at Amston, and it is intended that these visitors shall have all reasonable comfort during the periods of their sojourn.

It should be borne in mind that many of the bird sanctuaries are the result of a community effort to increase the wild bird supply in order that there may be more music in the village and greater life in grove, field and orchard. Such efforts in a community do not stop with the sanctuary. Go to the little village of Meriden or wander about the more pretentious town of Fairfield and everywhere you will find men and women and little children all doing their part to increase the sum total of the happiness and well-being of the birds. Feeding trays erected on low trees, on posts or even at the window-sill bear their supplies of crumbs, cracked grain and small seeds of many kinds. Suet in small chunks is tied or wired to the low limbs

of trees where the nuthatch and chickadee can feast on the nourishing fatty food of which their bodies stand so much in need. In some of the gardens skillfully built brush piles afford shelter for birds in cold snowy weather. In summer, water is placed where it is easily accessible to the birds. Sunflowers are planted along the garden fence and in the autumn the goldfinches come and feast and call and tumble about over the treasure house of seeds each sunflower head contains. And all this is because people have come to appreciate the beauty in every phase of the wild bird's life, and they want to see and know more about it.

With so much interest developing in the subject all over the country it was perfectly natural, therefore, that a few years ago, when the National Audubon Association came forward with its systematic plan of teaching bird-study to groups of children everywhere, the reception received should have been most spontaneous. In preparing for this work a series of accurate and artistic pictures of wild birds was drawn by America's leading bird artists. These, depicted in their natural colors, most faithfully reproduced and accompanied with pamphlets giving interesting life histories of the birds, were furnished to all children who enrolled in the Junior Audubon Clubs. Teachers especially have hailed with joy this opportunity for injecting into the class-room a new and beautiful study that is interesting and mentally healthful. How this movement has grown may be shown by the fact that during the past six years over six hundred thousand children of the United States and Canada have paid their nominal fees as members of Junior Audubon Clubs, and have proudly pinned the Audubon button on coat or dress. These children are formed into somewhat more than twenty-eight thousand bird clubs. Is this effort worth while? Read one of the letters picked absolutely at random from the thousands of enthusiastic communications which the writer has received from teachers heading these Audubon bird classes. This letter was from a faithful and conscientious teacher in Missouri. She says in part:

"The Horace Mann Junior Audubon Society of Kansas City has increased its membership from eighteen to two hundred and seventy. Our class, which is No. 1940, was formed in December 1914 and has since helped to organize eight other classes. All of the members are deeply interested in the study and protection of birds.

"More than two hundred bird-houses have been put up, many of which have been occupied. Water and food are kept out at the homes of the different members. Three public feeding-stations have been maintained this year. 'Buckberry Inn' was opened for the second winter; a feeding shelf was swung from the branch of a hickory tree; the third station was placed on the roof of the kindergarten. During our coldest weather (below zero) several members of the society carried grain and suet to the woods. The boys tramped down the snow and scattered the grain, while the suet was put in bags which the girls has crocheted, and was tied to the under-side of the branches. We were rewarded by seeing a titmouse fly to one of the trees where we had placed the food and call excitedly to his friends. The society gave the birds a Christmas Party in the

woods surrounding 'Buckberry Inn.' The trees were decorated with strings of cranberries and popcorn. Apples and suet were tied to the branches; nuts, grain and water were placed on the feeding-shelf. The bathing and drinking pool which Class No. 2028 built in the corner of the yard had been kept supplied with water.

"During the Christmas holidays eight members of the society went with me to Swope Park to take a bird-census. It was a clear, cold day, seventeen above zero, and the ground was covered with five inches of snow. We spent an hour in the woods and fields, counting eighty birds representing thirteen species. We then built a fire in the fireplace of the shelter house, where we roasted 'wieners' and cheese and discussed our tramp. We decided

to spend two hours next Christmas in taking a census just as the older Audubon members do."

In a million homes of our country, and more, today the children know the correct names of the common wild birds. They spy upon their coming and going and are ever ready to take up stout arms to defend these their pets of the door-step and garden. In common with their elders they read of the birds in the daily press, the magazines, the story-book and those pages of printed verse whereon the poets of every land have interwoven the melody of the singing birds with their witchery of rhyme. The birds constitute a part of our natural heritage and it is our privilege to cherish and preserve them to the end, that we may thus add to the sum total of love and happiness.

T. Gilbert Pearson

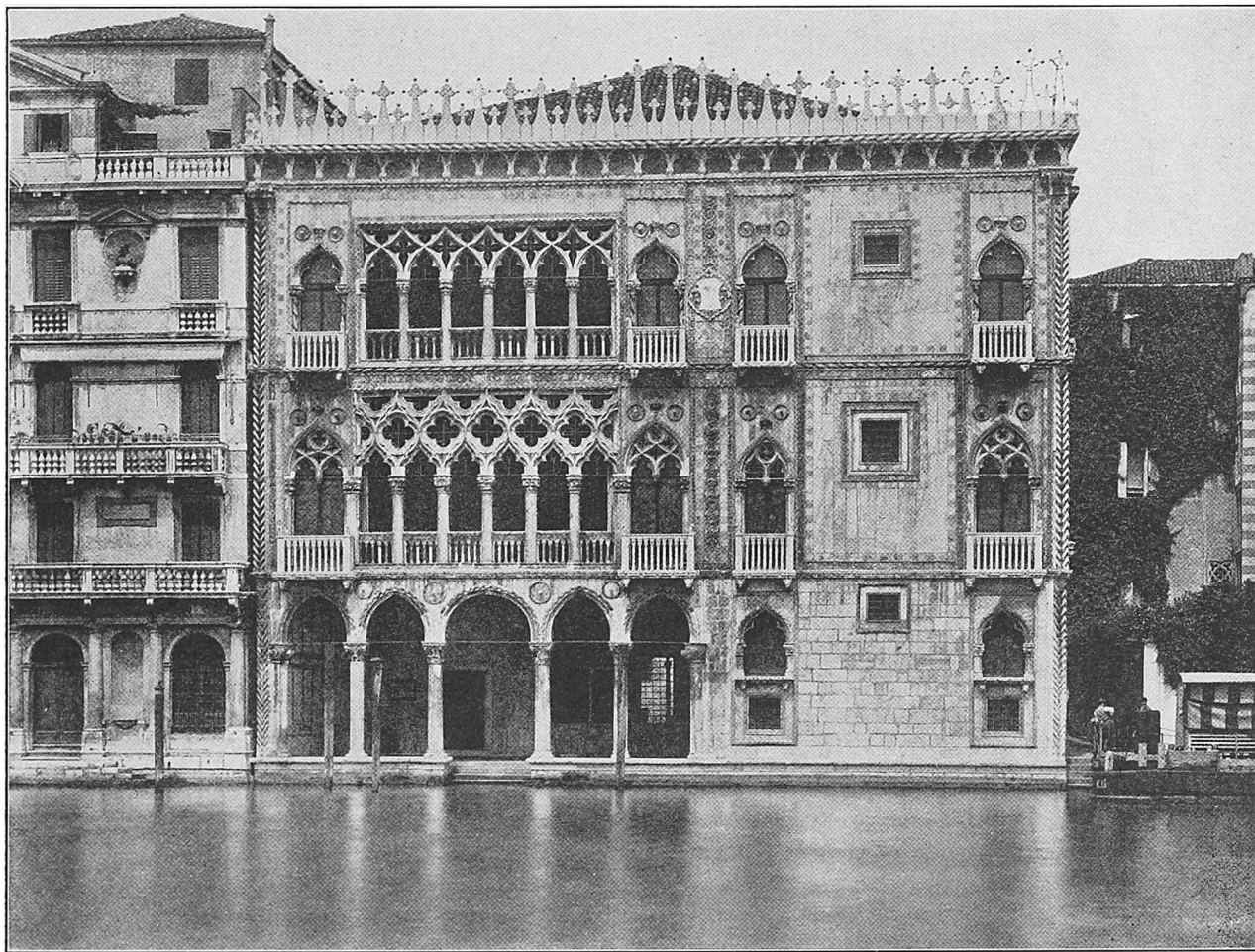
THE MOST BEAUTIFUL PRIVATE HOUSE IN THE WORLD

BY COMMENDATORE DR. ARDUINO COLASANTI

Translated from the Italian by Arthur Bennington

THE Ca' d'Oro or Golden House on the Grand Canal in Venice has been called the most beautiful house in the world. With all the wealth of works of art that it contains, it has just been presented to the Italian nation by Baron

Giorgio Franchetti, who bought it several years ago and restored its interior, collecting from all over Venice those parts that had been torn out and sold by previous owners. The writer of the following article is one of the Directors General of An-



THE VENETIAN HOUSE CALLED CA' D'ORO, SAID TO BE THE MOST BEAUTIFUL PRIVATE HOUSE IN THE WORLD